Trope: Reunion AU (Hannigram AU)

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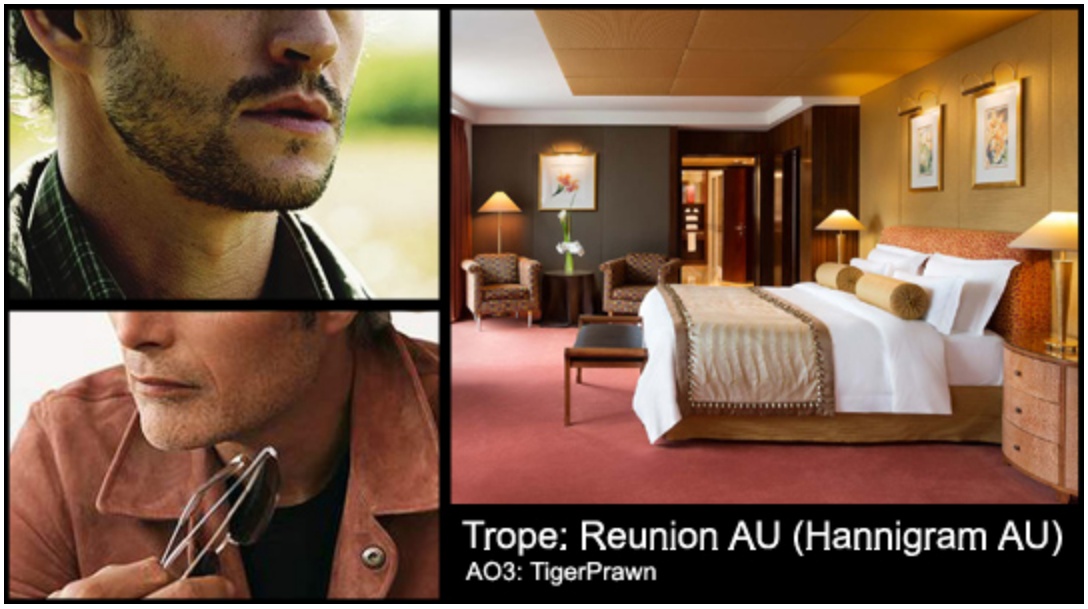
by TigerPrawn

Summary

Something unexpected happens when Will visits Hannibal.

Sequel to Trope: Celeb AU (Hannigram AU)



Will smiled as he looked at the photos on his phone. Clarice had sent them to him months ago, a magazine piece from a red carpet event he had attended with Hannibal. He had attended a few of these now but there was something about this event, or rather something about what the cameras captured that made Will's chest swell.

He looked at these pictures every time he missed Hannibal, which was increasingly at the moment whilst the omega was out of state on a shoot. He looked at them and basked in the adoration in Hannibal's eyes. There was a mixture of pride and affection there that claimed omegas exuded for their alphas, and the fact that it was so clear in those photos made Will feel all the more an alpha.

But there was another reason Will loved these ones in particular. That event had otherwise been like any other. When they had been stopped on the red carpet by the press and asked a few questions Hannibal had given short and polite responses. But when a rather toxic tabloid journalist asked what it was like to date a trans alpha, Hannibal had stopped and waxed poetic about his alpha and how beautiful their relationship was. He had done so in the most Hannibal way - answering the question with the utmost respect for Will whilst managing to, politely, shame the journalist for asking such a personal and impertinent question. Hannibal had beamed at Will with pride, making him feel so loved and part of it all that he knew, no matter how worlds apart in some ways, they belonged together.

Will sighed and turned off his phone, then the bedside lamp, as he settled into his large empty bed, knowing that his anticipation would stop him from sleeping. Tomorrow he was off to visit Hannibal and it couldn't come soon enough. This wasn't the longest they'd ever been apart, and yet he was antsy. Not just eager, but desperate. He needed to see his omega and now finally he had finished his latest contract and was free to go do so. Nothing was going to stop him, despite feeling a little under the weather.

He sighed and rolled over, whining as he ran his hand over the empty side of the bed.

He really wasn't going to sleep at all.

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Despite the early flight, Will felt buzzed. He'd only had a sip of coffee on the flight, too used to the amazing ambrosia Hannibal made to stomach much of the inferior beverage. It was the excitement, he knew, but even so it was much more than he usually felt. His whole body felt a little bit tingly.

Maybe they had been apart too long or maybe…

Will's heart sank and he pushed the thought to the back of his mind. It had been almost two years since his last phantom heat and that one had barely been anything at all. He had hoped he wouldn't get anymore ever again. And whilst this didn't feel quite like it usually had in the past, it was close enough that there couldn't be any other explanation.

On the one hand it was good he was going to be seeing Hannibal if that were the case, but couldn't help feeling sad. It felt like going backwards. As much as he had been working hard in therapy, moments of dysphoria still set him back emotionally more than he'd like. He knew that was likely to always be the case and had to just keep moving forwards even if it felt like he was doing the opposite.

Will was in a little bit of a haze when he landed and got out of the airport with his carry-on. The taxi to the studio wasn't any better and he felt a little nauseous despite not having felt travel sick since he was a child. Was this not a phantom heat? Was he actually getting sick?

He wondered if he should go straight to the hotel but he hadn't booked a room and Hannibal would be working. So he was glad when he stepped out of the taxi at the studio reception and started to feel better after a few gulps of air.

Will pulled out his phone and messaged Clarice.

~ I'm here.

~I'll let the runner know :)

Will waited patiently until one of the set runners came outside and fetched him. And immediately Will felt a little better. There was a scent to the young woman that made him feel comforted and warm. An omegan scent, he was able to determine, even though he was sure she was actually a beta.

The scent was so faint that it wasn't until they got closer to the set that the air grew thick with it and it seemed to float in the air.

It was Hannibal.

The runner snuck him into the back of a huge greenscreen set that was being reset for a scene.

"Places," the director called and the runner held her finger to her lips, Will nodded.

He watched as Hannibal, sweating and panting with a grin on his face, moved into position and the cameras began to roll. His scent filled the set and as he began to move, and Will could practically see the microscopic scent drifting through the air.

His breath caught as he watched Hannibal enact the action scene, no more stereotypical omega movies for him anymore for sure, but this was his first action movie. And Will knew Hannibal's magnificent physique enough to know that it would be a great success.

Will was so rapt with watching Hannibal that it wasn't until "cut" was called that he realised the runner was trying to get his attention.

"Would you like some water, Mr Graham?" She asked with deep concern etched in her expression. Will blinked as he drew his attention to her and then realised his mouth was dry, his eyes sore from not blinking, and his skin felt clammy.

"That would be great," he answered. She nodded and wandered off towards a table of refreshments whilst Will took a few deep breaths. He felt warm.

"Will?"

He looked up at his name to see that Hannibal was looking at him from across the room, with a wide smile on his face.

Hannibal still stood on set, quite some distance across the room, and yet Will had heard what had practically been a whisper. His heart began to race at the sight of his mate.

He could hear Hannibal talking to the director as a bottle of water was placed in Will's hand.

Will looked at the bottle and then at the runner, everything a little hazy.

"Will," Hannibal's voice was clear and close now, and full of so much affection. "I can't believe you're here. We just wrapped for the weekend, what perfect timing."

Will managed a smile at that, "Clarice was my man on the inside, so not so much perfect timing as perfectly planned."

Hannibal grinned at that and placed his hand on Will's arm.

Just his touch calmed Will. He felt instantly cooler and less hazy. More focused and determined. In fact, suddenly all he could think about was getting Hannibal back to the hotel and reuniting with him properly. It was strange, because whilst he did feel horny, it wasn't the same sort of feeling he usually had with his heats.

"Ms Starling already made sure your car was brought around Mr Lecter," the runner told them, shifting from foot to foot, she could probably sense the unbridled energy between them.

"Fantastic, thank you Marissa." Hannibal replied sweetly before taking Will's arm and steering him towards the exit.

“Shouldn’t you go back to your changing room and-” Will started but was cut off when Hannibal pushed him against the wall and kissed him deeply.

When Hannibal drew back they were both panting.

“I’d rather go back to the hotel, my darling. And I think you would too.” The sympathetic smile was all Will needed, to know that Hannibal had clocked what was happening.

And Will might have been more distressed about it, had his mind not become solely focused on Hannibal. On wanting to knot and breed his mate.

It didn’t occur to Will that those instincts were never usually this strong.

*

They received quite a number of looks when they got to the hotel. Not helped by the fact that Hannibal had left his key at the desk rather than keep it on him whilst on set. Instead of taking the elevator directly up, they had to wait on the concierge.

Luckily, as befitted Hannibal’s status and taste, this was a very up market hotel and so the clientele were not the kind to gawk at the rich and famous. They might however find themselves distracted by the sight of a sweaty actor in a ripped vest and tight jeans, and his mate looking like he wanted to ravage him there and then.

With the key in hand they made it into the elevator and Will didn’t miss how another couple purposely hung back so as not to ride in the same one.

He was chuckling at that as Hannibal’s mouth descended on his again and kissed him hard until they reached the floor.

They barely broke long enough for Hannibal to open the door to his suite, and then they tumbled in and were on the floor, pulling at each other's clothes as they groped and kissed hungrily.

“Another heat?” Hannibal asked softly as he stroked his hand through Will’s hair.

“I think so,” Will nodded. There was a pain in his chest at the admission, but Hannibal didn’t let him dwell on it as he began to loosen Will’s trousers.

“Knot me, alpha?” Hannibal sweetly pleaded.

Will growled and rolled them, pinning Hannibal beneath him as he tore at the omega’s clothes, ripping the vest off entirely.

This felt so strange. Not like any heat Will had had before. He was still hot and hazy, still driven by his instincts. But they felt different.

And he wasn’t wet. Or at least, not *heat* wet, despite being incredibly turned on.

“Will, alpha…” Hannibal begged as he wriggled out of his own jeans.

Will came to his senses a little, feeling that this was wrong. Not what he needed to do. It wouldn't be the first time they'd been so desperate for each other they'd not made it to the bed. But right now, that didn't feel right to Will. He wanted to take care of Hannibal.

With a grunt Will stood and then pulled Hannibal up, lifting him into a bridal carry and heading to the bed where he gently placed the omega down.

His mind was racing with need. A need to breed Hannibal, but also to care for him, protect him. Not just to fuck him on the floor like a dog, but to make love to him on the bed, to ensure his every happiness.

"Will…" Hannibal whined, pulling Will's attention back. The omega was now completely naked and Will hurried to the same state himself as Hannibal lay spread before him.

Usually, Will would pleasure Hannibal with his fingers first, with his mouth. Making sure his omega was completely satisfied. But today that thought wasn't even in his head and from Hannibal's moan when Will moved over him and entered him quickly, he didn't mind.

"Omega, my omega…" Will moaned as he started to move, thrusting slow and deep whilst Hannibal writhed in pleasure.

The warmth he had felt was gone, or at least different. Not the all consuming burn of a heat but something more focused. As though he was heating up from his core, all the way down to his groin, a building need to come inside his omega.

The haze still lingered too, but he didn't feel drunk on it. He felt a consuming, almost aggressive desire - his mind just as focused on what it was his body needed to do. To claim, to mate, to breed.

"H-Hannibal…" Will panted the omega's name and stilled. Hard within him still, throbbing.

After a few long moments of stillness, Hannibal went from aroused to concerned, his scent changing enough to indicate it.

"Will? What is it?" Hannibal's face was etched with concern, his hands coming up to cup the alpha's face. "What's wrong?"

Will panted heavily a few more times and then rested his forehead against Hannibal's before he started to slowly move again.

"Will?"

"I can feel… Hannibal, I'm… it's a rut."

"Will," Hannibal was breathless. "My wonderful alpha."

Will grunted as he buried his face at Hannibal's neck, nuzzling at the scent gland there as his body began to act on instinct. Just as equally on instinct, Hannibal's body went lax beneath him. An omega giving himself over to be used to sate his alpha's need.

“Alpha, alpha…” Hannibal encouraged softly, hitching his legs up around Will’s waist.

“Fuck, this feels… Hannibal… Oh my god…” Will mumbled the words against Hannibal’s neck as he thrust harder and deeper, his body moving in a way it felt like it never had before. His flesh broke out in a sweat and he could feel his mind being lost.

Not irrational, not the single mindedness of a rut that people spoke of and made popular in fiction, it was a consuming euphoria. Will had expected a haze, to lose control even if in some small way. And it was a haze, but one of pleasure. It felt like he was losing himself to the pleasure of it all. Nothing existed beyond them in that moment, as their bodies moved together.

“Need to… need…” Will pulled out, and pawed at Hannibal. He felt heavy, drunk on the lust but Hannibal seemed to understand him. Hannibal rolled quickly, easing himself onto his knees and then lowering himself, pressing his chest to the bed in a presenting position.

“Yes, alpha. Breed me.” Hannibal moaned.

There was a small voice at the back of Will’s mind reminding him that he couldn’t breed his omega no matter how prettily he begged. And yet it had no substance, his alpha instincts driving him instead to claim, to knot, to breed.

With a growl, Will pressed a firm hand down on the back of Hannibal’s neck, keeping him pinned as he slid back into him.

“Will, Will…” Hannibal moaned his name as Will thrust hard and deep, roughly taking his omega as though he might really breed him.

It only added to Will’s stupor of pleasure. He grunted and groaned as he felt his knot swelling, letting a plaintive whine at the ache of it.

“Alpha…” Hannibal muttered and Will growled in response.

A growl that deepened as he felt his knot press against Hannibal’s wet sex and found resistance. He pushed forward so that it began to slip in, but not with his usual ease.

“Oh god…” Hannibal moaned. Will could feel him shivering and shaking, and it only made him push harder, needing to bury his knot inside the omega.

“Will!” Hannibal cried out, throwing back a hand to clutch at Will’s thigh. “Your knot.”

Will wanted to reply, to tell the omega he was going to give him his knot, going to breed him, but he was too far gone.

“It’s big… bigger… fuck…”

Even in his rut drunk state, the profanity from Hannibal’s mouth was jarring, clearing his mind enough to focus on his omega’s words.

“It’s grown,” Hannibal moaned and pushed back, trying to take him in.

Will whined in frustration. It had never been this difficult to knot the omega before. His knot was smaller than most alphas but it brought his omega pleasure all the same as it slid inside him and worked against his o-spot even if it didn't plug him.

"Harder, alpha… breed me…"

Will practically howled as he lowered himself entirely over Hannibal, caging the omega beneath him as he snapped his hips hard. Pushing deeper each time as Hannibal grew all the wetter around him until finally-

They both let out deep moans as Will's knot sank all the way in and locked them together. Will could feel the omega quivering around him, so close to climax. Every instinct in Will told him to give the omega that climax.

After taking a steadying breath, Will began to rock against the omega. Locked so tight that there was no space for any real movement. And that seemed to the benefit of them both, Will's knot being tugged and squeezed in a way that gave him a pleasure he had never known before.

And the pleasure seemed just as intense for Hannibal as his cock was caught in the friction between their bodies.

"Yes, yes… please…" Hannibal muttered the words as their bodies moved together, writhing in their joined pleasure.

Will's eyes rolled and his body shook as he was sure his knot swelled all the more.

"Will!" Hannibal gasped, breathless evidence that Will hadn't imagined it.

They groaned as one when Will spilled hot and hard inside the omega and Hannibal followed so quickly after that it might as well have been simultaneously.

So little of his seed leaked out around his knot that Will was sure it was almost of a usual alphan size, and the euphoria that caused made him spill all the more. He savoured the feeling of it, never wanting it to end as he collapsed onto the omega and nuzzled into him as they remained tied together.

*

"Was that the first time?" Hannibal asked, stroking his hand softly up and down Will's back as they remained in the bed. He was sure Will would have told him, but at the same time didn't want to assume anything about that private side of his life.

"I think so," Will replied a little hesitantly. "I felt a little strange a few months ago and thought it was my phantom heats returning, but nothing came of it. I thought the same again this time but… it was different and then it was… what it was."

"Perhaps because I was here this time," Hannibal murmured, grinning as he kissed and nuzzled at Will's hair.

Will chuckled but nodded anyway, snuggling closer. “Probably the case. After all, how many horny teenagers suddenly present and spontaneously go into rut or heat when they are in the company of a potential mate? This is one side effect of going through puberty again that I hadn’t expected.”

“But… did you enjoy it?” Hannibal asked, softly.

“I did.” Will replied in an equally soft tone. “And… not just because it was with you. But, having a rut. I just… Hannibal I can’t even describe how it makes me feel. Even with hormone therapy there was never any guarantee I would ever get ruts. And now…” Will let out a soft, pleased sigh.

“I’m happy for you.” Hannibal meant it with his whole heart. “But I’m also… I can’t pretend not to be happy for *us*.”

Hannibal enjoyed the way Will chuckled against him.

“Yes. I think it would have still been wonderfully affirming if I spent it alone, but to be able to share it with someone… with you…”

Hannibal hummed and held Will closer.

“It was over quickly,” Will commented, a lament in his tone. It had only taken one knotting for Will’s hormones to level out.

“Yes, this time. Perhaps next time it will last longer. And perhaps not, but either way we can make the most of it when the need arises.”

Will murmured and smiled, snuggling in closer to Hannibal.

“I have a gift for you in my bag,” Will said, the warmth in his tone always made Hannibal feel loved. “It seems foolish now, we’re beyond courting really, aren’t we.”

Hannibal chuckled, “it was never what I’d call a traditional courtship, and a gift is always welcome from you my darling.”

He felt Will preen against him at the words before moving from his side and getting up from the bed. Hannibal sighed and felt the loss of the alpha immediately. He’d had no idea he would be so affected by Will’s rut, as short as it had been. Aside from the warmth and happiness he felt on Will’s behalf at the affirming euphoria it had brought him, it made Hannibal proud. Of course, there was every chance a rut would have come from the hormone therapy regardless of Will having a mate at all. And he wouldn’t flatter himself that it was a result of their being together. But the fact that Will had gone into rut and they had been together in that rut, gave him an unshakeable sense of pride. He felt honoured.

“Here,” Will said gruffly, despite the slight blush on his cheeks as he handed over a small gift bag. Just a plain paper one from the store. “I had some time to kill between the last couple of jobs so…”

Will trailed off, expectant as Hannibal opened the bag.

Inside was a small, polished wood carving in the shape of a fish, the scales carved in great detail, but it was the polish and lacquer on the wood that made them really stand out.

“Will,” Hannibal said, breathless. “Did you make this?” He took it out of the bag and played it over in his hands. It fit neatly in his palm and was just as perfectly carved as it had seemed at first glance.

Will shrugged as he nodded, playing down the gift.

“I wanted to… I felt the urge to make you something.” As he said it, his alpha pheromones surged and the words and scent combined made Hannibal flush. Feeling the heat creeping up his cheeks, he wondered if there was a chance Will might end up triggering his heat.

Before Hannibal had chance to say anything, Will followed quickly, as though trying to gauge Hannibal’s pleasure at the gift, “I remember you telling me about the netsuke your aunt gave you. I mean, it’s not Japanese. Obviously. But I…”

“It’s beautiful.” Hannibal replied, blushing a little more as he saw Will puff out his chest at the compliment. It felt so good to see Will behave so instinctively like an alpha, not for his own desires but because he knew how much that automatic behaviour meant to Will.

He had followed the instincts of a courting alpha to make Hannibal a gift with his own hands. Which wasn’t something many modern alphas would even bother with these days. Hannibal couldn’t help but feel cherished in response.

“I don’t have to be back on set until Monday,” Hannibal found the words came out more coy than he had intended as he looked down at the perfectly carved netsuke in his hands.

Will smiled and lowered himself back onto the bed, crawling towards and then over Hannibal until he was caged beneath him.

Hannibal set the carving onto the bedside table and welcomed Will into his arms.

“Let me thank my alpha for such a thoughtful gift.”

Will went to him, already hardening once more. With all these instinctive alphan behaviours presenting themselves, Hannibal wondered if Will’s rut might resurface again over the weekend.

Either way, he couldn’t think of a more perfect reunion.

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